dear child, are, must have many grey hairs on their head before they learn that what is to them a most deeply interesting and important thing, may be even to a dear friend a trifle; too much
Oh look not, hope not then
Of sympathy below.

I spare you the rest of the quotation.

I asked Papa if he had any message to send to the girls,
Well he said tell them I don't send any love, though I love them, I'll keep it till they come, I want to see them (and Sister as well as me please.)

By the way as you have lately been drilled on letter writing I am afraid you will grow critical and as I knew mine will not bear that, it will be bad. I guess after all we will conclude that *rules* are out of place between us

Dear Millie

I should have written last Saturday but was too tired by the time I had my work done,
Mama.

To convince you that I do most heartily sympathise in all your troubles I am going to tell you what I dreamed last night. I seemed to be a school girl once more and was in very great tribulation because I had an essay to write and knew not what to write about. At last I said to myself, (in my dream), "Well I know more about making butter than anything else and I mean to write an essay on Butter making." I suppose it will rather astonish the audience to hear an essay on such a subject, at such a time and place but I don't care.

With that I woke up quite

relieved you may be sure that I had no essay to write. But after all is there not a hint in my dream, viz, to take the subject you know most about.

I am very sorry to hear of any trouble in the school, they have always got on so pleasantly, but I would not worry about it, if I were you.

I think you have your hands full with so much exercise writing, I feel almost as if I ought not to expect letters, when you are so busy, dearly as I love to get them.

Judging from what you tell of your Rhetoric exercises I should think Mr. Sill made Rhetoric to include bodily as well as mental gymnastics, which is quite a new idea. I must say I dont like the idea of making you walk round to show off. I think such things only make one feel and act more awkwardly. I suppose however Mrs. Sills idea was more to put you a little in training for coming out before the public. Mrs. Clough and Helen were over today. She is altogether the most neighborly, neighbor that I have. Mrs. Hawley was here too to day, Clara's Mother. She did not however come to call but to get some trees. Papa says he thinks the peach trees will be in bloom about the time you come up. That will be nice will it not?

It is too bad you could not have made more of a sensation with your scanning, but I dont suppose you worked so hard to acquire it for the sake of displaying it; and